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THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT CONCEALING HIMSELF FROM THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

A FRENCH SOLDIER'S ADVENTURE.

WE were all in the highest spirits as, with drums beating and colours flying, we marched out of Bayonne on the road to Spain. The majority of my comrades were as new as I was to the trade

of a soldier, having only just become liable to that devouring conscription which in those days swept off the whole youth of the nation before it had reached to maturity. Few of us, therefore, had had any experience of the innumerable hardships

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of all kinds which we should have to endure before we should again see *la belle France*, even supposing that we should be so favoured as to escape with life from the swords and bullets of the enemy. If we could have foreseen the miseries which were to overtake us ere many weeks had elapsed; if we had known by experience that hunger, exposure, and fatigue were certain to be the lot of all, and that the horrors of those haunts of misery—the hospitals attached to armies in the field—were to be experienced by not a few of us, patriotism, the love of adventure natural to youth, and a sense of duty, might still have induced us to press on; but, assuredly, we should have done so with graver faces and heavier hearts, and with feelings altogether more in harmony with those stern realities of war. Few of us, however, had any misgivings as to our future. Each one believed that he should be one of the fortunate few who would escape in the fight; and the least imaginative amongst us, doubtless, figured to himself his return to his native village with the epaulet of a *sous-lieutenant*, if not with the baton of a marshal.

As none of my comrades play a prominent part in my story, I need not describe them further than by saying that they were generally brave and good-tempered, and that the utmost good-will and harmony prevailed throughout the regiment. Indeed, officers and men were upon the best possible terms, with one exception, namely, that of the colonel, who was the only unpopular man amongst us. Not that he was a harsh martinet, harassing and worrying his men unnecessarily, but we knew that he had no pretensions to the character of a good soldier; and his cold, haughty manner was but ill calculated to claim affection and confidence. But, even if his professional abilities and his manner had been ever so commendable and agreeable, he would have found it a hard matter to make himself a favourite with us. The revolutionary hatred of the upper classes had not yet burned out, and the colonel was considered an aristocrat—a title which, right or wrong, was quite sufficient to insure him the hatred of a set of young men thoroughly imbued with the spirit of these times. In short, if our commander had been perfect in temper and a Napoleon in military ability, we should—so unreasonable were we—have disliked him, because he was of what is called “a good family.” I have lived long enough to see that tyranny is far oftener found among men of humble extraction than among those who have good descent to point to; but on these points I was then as thoughtless as my companions. We were, however, accustomed to see men, like Victor and others, rising by merit alone from the lowest ranks in the army to the most important command; and we looked with extreme jealousy on those members of the old families, whom Napoleon believed it to be good policy to conciliate, by promoting them far beyond their deserts, whenever, either from expediency or conviction, they avowed themselves partisans of the imperial regime. There was ample cause, therefore, for the unpopularity of our commanding officer. Soldiers never esteem an officer in whose ability they have no confidence; and, so far as military knowledge went, the colonel was a mere ignoramus. Add to this, that he was haughty and proud, and

it is plain that he could hardly be otherwise than disliked by his men.

We played our part in several important engagements with the Spanish troops, distinguishing ourselves more by our fearlessness and zeal than by our discipline; and, after some time, were marched to the rear during a lull in the storm of war, in order that we might recruit our strength, now terribly weakened by sickness and the sword. It had been my good fortune to find occasion of distinguishing myself more than once, and so, before I had been a year and a half on active service, I had exchanged my musket for the darling object of every poor conscript's ambition in France—an epaulet; a reward which I considered far more than repaid me for all that I had suffered since leaving my happy home.

It is necessary that I should describe somewhat particularly the place in which we were to pass some few weeks, in order to get ourselves again in a fit condition to face the enemy. At little more than a quarter of a league from the picturesque old town which we were to occupy, was situated a large convent, strongly built of stone, and admirably adapted, as nearly all the convents and monasteries of the Spanish peninsula were found to be, for temporary defence. Indeed, by loop-holing the massive walls, by blocking up the lower apertures, and taking such other precautions as would readily suggest themselves to military men, the place could be easily made secure against anything like a *coup-de-main*—from any sudden attack by an enemy unprovided with artillery. The poor monks had long since abandoned it; and, if they had not, we should probably have made no scruple of turning them out, as it was here that our colonel had determined on fixing his head-quarters, for which it was well adapted, both on account of its strength and of its superior salubrity; the latter circumstance being a very great consideration with men out of condition, as we were then. About half our number, therefore, found accommodation in the convent I have described; while the remainder were quartered on the inhabitants of the neighbouring town. Now these worthy people, although not animated by the patriotic and devoted spirit which burned so brightly in the bosoms of the heroes and heroines of Saragoessa and Gerona, were patriotic enough, like most of their countrymen, to be at best very lukewarm in their attachment to the government of his majesty king Joseph, the brother of Napoleon, then placed upon the throne. Though they might not have the spirit to rise against us in an unguarded moment themselves, it was more than probable that they would quietly allow us to be pounced upon by others; and the most that we could safely count on was, that they would remain the passive spectators of events, leaving us to provide for our safety, whatever might happen, in the best way we could. In fact, we could not expect that they would help us, either by word or deed; and as the town itself was quite open and totally incapable of defence, while numerous bands of guerillas swarmed in the neighbouring mountains, it should have been the first care of a vigilant and prudent commander to insure that a strict watch was kept, and that a strict communication should be kept up between the convent and the town, as

upon those precautions it was evident that the safety of at least one half of his men must depend, in case of sudden attack by a powerful body of guerrillas. These measures of prudence were, however, neglected by our colonel, and the catastrophe I am about to describe was the consequence.

It was my lot to be of the party who occupied the town, and I was at first quartered in the best inn in the place. But, like most other Spanish inns, it swarmed with vermin, and I found myself so uncomfortable, that I made interest to get myself transferred to another billet. I was then consigned to the care of an old lady, who inhabited a tolerably commodious house situated in a street in the rear of the *place d'armes*. My hostess was terribly put out at first, being a thorough hater of the French invaders, and had flattered herself that for this time, at any rate, she had escaped having any of the detested race forced on her hospitality. I was not surprised, therefore, that she received me with ill-concealed vexation, and with a scowl on her dark and withered face, which said, as plainly as words themselves, that she would do me mortal injury the first favourable opportunity, were she not restrained by fear of detection. To this latter consideration—the risk of discovery—I probably owed my safety during the first few days of my residence under her roof.

Nothing daunted, however, by the welcome I received, I at once set to work to soften the feelings of my hostess towards me. The old dame disliked me because I was a Frenchman, and she disliked me still more because my presence caused her annoyance and expense. She disliked me because she loved her country, and she disliked me because she loved her money. There was a double rancour, therefore, to overcome—a double source of animosity; and yet, I succeeded so well in my endeavour to ingratiate myself with her, that I was very soon not only tolerated but liked. Of course it was in my power to have made my presence excessively disagreeable, and, by assuming the air of a master, to wound her Spanish pride to the last degree; but I carefully avoided this, and so stood in very favourable contrast with those of my countrymen, of whom my hostess had had experience; for, as a rule, I must admit that the French, by their insolent manner and their endless exactions, but too well justified the detestation and horror with which they were very generally regarded. In short, I performed my part so well, that at last I was looked on as an exception to the rule, according to the Spanish peasantry of that day, that Frenchmen were barbarians to be hated always, and to be killed when safe occasion offered; and I soon found the wisdom of the line of conduct I had adopted. I treated her with respect, and gave as little trouble as possible; and she, on her side, treated me more as a friend, than as a lodger forced on her against her will by the necessities of war.

But I was not her only guest. On the first floor dwelt a worn-out Spanish officer. Poor, feeble with wounds and age, a victim to the rheumatism, and without friends to serve him—for his family and connexions had been scattered far and wide in the frightful confusion which then reigned throughout his unhappy country—the old soldier lived a melancholy life enough, consoled by the company of an attached daughter, Donna Clara. As a

patriot, he brooded over the miseries of his country and the loss of her independence. As a father, he was filled with dread at the thought of what might befall his child if she should be left alone in the world at so terrible an epoch.

On coming in contact with my fellow-lodger, the haughty old Spaniard would at first have nothing to say to the Frenchman; and he regarded me with so sullen an air every time we met, that I almost despaired of thawing the frigid reserve in which he seemed to have wrapped himself. I was determined, however, on making friends with the old *militaire*. I therefore laid a regular siege, as it were, to his goodwill, as I had done to that of our hostess, and with equal success. By demeaning myself towards him with profound respect, by scrupulously avoiding everything that could wound his feelings or remind him of the position in which we were respectively placed, and by offering him such little attentions as were in my power, I contrived so to melt his stern and unfriendly disposition towards me, that he condescended to converse, and after a time to invite me to his apartments. The rest was easy. Every day his prejudice against me wore away, and my opportunities of making myself agreeable being much greater, I rose high in his good opinion. Deservedly has the power of courtesy been praised; I was a living witness of its efficacy.

Meanwhile, my professional duties occupied me but little. Indeed, had it not been for the occasional alarm caused by rumours of the approach of large bodies of guerrillas, those of my companions who were in less attractive quarters than myself would have had nothing to relieve them from the attacks of *ennui*, and to give them a taste of that excitement so necessary to the contentment, and almost to the existence, of every true Frenchman. Gradually, however, even this source of distraction and amusement became less and less frequent. "Wolf!" had been cried so often to no purpose, that, unless on very authentic grounds and on more than ordinarily positive information, little notice was taken of such rumours. They ceased even to amuse. The effect, too, of these false alarms was to make our colonel relax even the very insufficient precautions he had for a time taken against a surprise; and our watchful enemies, who doubtless had eyes and ears for everything that passed in the town and convent, were not long in taking advantage of our ill-grounded confidence.

One morning, when off guard, and therefore in my own quarters, I was roused from a deep sleep by the rattling of drums. The first tap must have set me dreaming, for I was once more a conscript about commencing my first lessons in the *art militaire*, when loud shouts and discharges of musketry fairly awakened me, and told me that something important had happened. Jumping out of bed, I had just hurried on some clothes, when my old hostess rushed into my room, exclaiming, with a superabundance of gesticulation:—

"Ah! Señor Teodoro, Señor Teodoro, you are lost, you are lost! These guerrillas have surprised the town with a large force. All communication between your compatriots and the convent is completely cut off. The French, caught like rats in a trap and taken wholly unawares, are at the mercy of my

enraged countrymen, who are murdering them in heaps."

All this, and much more, the good dame poured forth with wonderful volubility and immense energy, all the while crossing herself most vigorously. Then hastily whipping a little ivory crucifix, such as is usually worn by superstitious devotees in Spain, out of the bosom of her dress, she detached it from the ribbon by which it was suspended, set it on end on the dressing-table, and, falling on her knees before it, began, rosary in hand, to mutter *aves* and *paters* as fast as she could gabble. While she was vainly appealing to all the saints of her calendar in my behalf, I had opened the casement, and cautiously looked down into the street, anxiously endeavouring to ascertain the exact state of affairs.

I have remarked that the house I occupied was situated in a back street, at a short distance in the rear of the *place d'armes*, and therefore, although the tumult was evidently spreading, and becoming more serious every moment, I had a few brief instants for consideration of the course which it would be most prudent for me to pursue. From the volleys of musketry—a sort of platoon firing—which now began to be heard at exceedingly short intervals, I could discover but too plainly what sort of work was going on in the neighbouring square. The guerillas were evidently shooting, in cold blood, the French as fast as they could collect them, and it was clear that all hope of resistance was gone. As it was quite impossible for me to join any of my countrymen, in order to organise a defence, I was free to take any steps I pleased for my personal safety. But what could I do? To fly was impossible; to remain many minutes where I was, certain death. My only chance seemed to be to secrete myself about the premises, until the enemy either retired of their own accord, or should be beaten off by our friends from the convent. But, again, where could I conceal myself so as to escape the strict search which the guerillas would be almost sure to make for me? For a moment I confess that I was completely unmanned by the danger before me. Living, as I had done, like many soldiers, forgetful of the future world, I could not at this moment of peril feel that calmness and confidence which I might have enjoyed had I habitually realised, in the hour of health, the presence of an unseen Guide and Protector. Breathing, however, though almost despairingly, an ejaculation for help, I regained my self-possession. Interrupting my hostess, therefore, I explained my desire of getting into some place of concealment, and in fact confided myself to her hands. She, it appeared, had already decided on what was best to be done, and now, bidding me follow her, promised to lead me to a place of shelter. I obeyed, of course, without reply—for I had no reason to distrust my guide—and, having no fixed plan of my own, was glad enough to adopt the first that offered itself. To be sure, as she hurried me down the stairs, the thought crossed my mind that she might, after all, be leading me into the lion's den, and that she was, perhaps, going to betray instead of save me; but any misgivings of this kind were soon proved to be without foundation. Without a word passing between us, we reached the court-yard at the back of the

house, and there my protectress acquainted me with the project she had formed for my safety. At the back of this yard had been heaped up a huge pile of fagots, and it was behind these that I was to be secreted. The idea seemed a good one: so, setting to work, I very quickly removed enough of them to make a sort of cave, in which I might pass some hours without too much discomfort. Creeping into this hole, the old lady repiled the fagots I had removed as neatly as possible, and she had but just finished her task when a furious battering at the street door, with an accompaniment of threats because it was not opened immediately, proclaimed the arrival of the enemy.

SANITARY HINTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been done during the last few years, London is decidedly last in the sanitary race. Boards of health are being established, or are already in operation, in every town of importance in the country; but in some parts of the metropolis not only is all improvement neglected, but the most primitive processes of cleansing are retained, some of them calling strongly to mind the following anecdote. A few years ago a meeting was held in Manchester, at which a town-missionary detailed his experience amongst the inhabitants of the St. George's-road district of that town. In the pursuit of his vocation he entered a cottage, or rather hut, in which he found a woman and several children, one of them with a stick knocking *something* about the floor. It would have been a difficult task to guess what the floor, or indeed anything else in the house was made of, so thickly was everything coated with dirt. Looking upon cleanliness as next to godliness, he let slip no opportunity of inculcating a sanitary lesson. Thinking such a lesson very necessary in this case, he began by inquiring of the woman whether she ever cleaned the floor of her house. "No, indade, sir," she answered; "where's the use; wouldn't it be dirty again? Sure I keeps it as clean as I can. *When any of the little childer bring in any dirt, I just sets the big'uns to knock it about till there is none.*"

Any person curious in such matters may witness the counterpart of this operation after any wet day, in one of the northern districts of London. A short time ago the present writer saw a man, apparently a pauper, with a hoe scraping the mud out of the channels and numerous holes in the road, and spreading it out to dry, or, in other words, he was "knocking it about till there was none." Not many yards from where this ingenious method ("a communication from abroad," probably, or an Irish invention) was in operation, was a post surmounted by a board, headed, apparently in joke, "Health of Towns," and cautioning "all persons" against laying rubbish on "these premises," on pain of being proceeded against "according to law." The "public" had obeyed this notification by half burying the post in a variety of matters that would have been very useful in a potato field, but were somewhat

out of place in immediate proximity to human dwellings. Boards of the same description are exhibited in considerable numbers throughout the parish, and many of them are in the condition of the one described. The boards are evidently jokes, and the "public" know it; they afford, however, a rather grave subject for merriment, suggesting the idea of a skeleton clown. No wonder, when such scenes are common in the healthiest of London suburbs, that the mortality is double what it ought to be.

The main principle upon which sanitary reformers insist is, that the houses of the poor may be provided with every arrangement necessary for health and comfort, at the prices now paid for accommodation of the most inferior character.* In London there are thousands of houses occupied by the working classes, at rents which would purchase the property in ten years, including interest on capital at five per cent. per annum. For an outlay of five pounds each, every one of these houses might be furnished with the most complete apparatus for ventilation, water supply, water closet, and the removal of refuse. If this improvement were effected under a provision like that in the "Public Health Act, 1848," to spread the cost over a period of thirty years, the expense would be 6s. 6d. per house per annum, or 1½d. per week. Surely the enormous rents now paid would afford so trifling a diminution. If this were made clear to property owners generally, it seems difficult to believe that they would refuse to make so small a sacrifice where the benefits would be so great; and even if the burden must fall on the tenant, it would be no easy matter to point out how he could obtain so great an amount of comfort for the money in any other way. This estimate† is only for such works as are required inside and immediately adjoining the house, and does not include the cost of main sewerage: this latter expense would not exceed three pounds per house; but put the total expense down at nine pounds per house, for which sum (with some exceptions to be noticed hereafter) the whole of London might be made as healthy as the model dwellings. London contains about three hundred thousand houses, about one half of which require improvements, which would cost altogether about 1,350,000l., or 97,577l. 3s. 1½d. per annum for thirty years. Compare this with the enormous cost of premature death and preventible sickness. If we take the ordinary cost of a funeral to be five pounds—an estimate much under the reality—we find that the annual cost of burying the five hundred victims of the fever malaria is

130,000l., or upwards of 30,000l. more than it would cost to keep them alive and in good health! This is for funerals alone; and it is estimated by Dr. Lyon Playfair, that for every case of premature death, there are twenty-eight cases of preventible sickness, few of which cost so little as twenty shillings each, or in the aggregate, the immense sum of 728,000l., the two items of premature death and preventible sickness making the incredible sum of 858,000l., which might be saved annually by a judicious outlay of a sum that would cost less than 100,000l. a year. If a capital of *fourteen millions and a half* were expended in sanitary improvement, the annual cost would be something less than we now pay for the propagation of disease and the wholesale destruction of the people. *FOURTEEN MILLIONS AND A HALF!* why, that sum would build the most magnificent city the world ever saw; one-tenth of it would do all that London requires, including sewerage, water-closets, a water tap on every floor, and pipes to carry the waste water away. Let the inhabitants of a third or fourth floor imagine how such conveniences would lessen their labour in carrying water up and down, and render cleanliness practicable and pleasant; and most of all, let them remember that all these things are obtainable at less than one-tenth the cost of excessive deaths and unnecessary sickness. Let no man imagine that he escapes without paying his share of these costs. If he be a member of a sick or burial club, he pays in the shape of increased contribution; if he has insured his life, he pays in the shape of a greatly augmented premium; if he is a householder, he pays in the shape of high poor's rates; if he is a lodger, he pays in the shape of an enormous rent, rendered to some extent necessary by the high rates exacted from his landlord. It is, therefore, a question in which every man is personally interested, and the poorest most. It touches the rich man's pocket, but it touches the poor man's pocket and his person too; hence the duty of every man to seek the change here indicated. Surely the comparatively small sum of a million and a half might be raised to save the lives and improve the health of the people—in short, to remove from the metropolis the stigma of permitting five hundred of its people to be murdered every week.

The estimates here made do not include the demolition of those close neighbourhoods which could not by any amount of improvement be rendered fit for human habitations. In such cases destruction and complete renovation are the only remedies. "The Society for improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes" have shown by example that such a course may be adopted with profit. They have bought old houses of the worst kind; some they have rebuilt on a truly sanitary plan; others they have only refitted, but they make a profit out of all. They have shown the way, and if capitalists seek a field for profitable investment, here it is. Eight per cent. is waiting for them, and the thanks of a grateful multitude. Would it not be more patriotic, and more secure too, to

* It was stated at a meeting held recently at Exeter Hall (by Lord Ebrington, if our memory be not at fault), that the poorer classes pay more for the space they occupy than is paid for the same amount of space in the best mansions in the most aristocratic squares in London.

† The surveyors to the Metropolitan Sewers Commission issued, a short time ago, a detailed estimate of the cost of filling up cesspools and putting in water-closet apparatus with water supply. It is unnecessary to give the items; but the total amounts to 3l. 3s. 8½d. per house. As the water supply ought to be taken to the upper floors, together with a waste pipe and stoneware kitchen sink, we add one-half, or, for the sake of round numbers, call the total expense 5l. The expense of street sewers, according to estimates of the late James Smith, esq., of Deanston, for ordinary houses, would not in any case exceed 10s. 6d. per yard.

enter into this business than to speculate in railways to Borioboola Gha.

"The Public Health Act, 1848," contains provisions for carrying out all the details of sanitary improvement; but by a special clause, London is exempted from its operation, probably because it has a greater necessity for the act than any other place. The opposition to sanitary reform has always been strongest in London—so strong indeed, and so unscrupulous, that it is scarcely extravagant to wish for a sanitary despot—a man strong-headed and strong-nerved, with power to gag parish demagogues, take the question of sanitary improvement out of the hands of the vestries, and substitute straightforward, earnest, practical work. It seems as if nothing short of extreme measures would ever emancipate this huge aggregation of towns from the sway of a vapid, noisy, ignorant, obstructive, and short-sighted galaxy of parish orators! What we have written will, we trust, impress upon the thoughtful reader the importance of his exerting his influence in a cause so important to the interests of humanity.

THE SPERM WHALE.

"Oh, the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale,
In his ocean home will be
A giant in might, where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea!"

ALTHOUGH ships occasionally fished for the sperm whale from a very early period, it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the sperm fishery became a recognised trade, and then it was commenced and continued solely by the American colonists, who for more than a century engrossed the fishery, and supplied the mother-country with all she required of its produce. The colonists, during this period, appear to have confined their enterprise to their own adjacent seas, (north of the line,) which were then much resorted to by the cachalot, or sperm whale. The war between the revolted colonies of America and Great Britain, of course deprived the latter of the customary supply of sperm oil, and this naturally aroused the spirit of the English merchants, who, in the year 1775, fitted out ships for the sperm whale fishery for the first time. Ten vessels were sent that year, and, in the following, the British government showed its sense of the importance and policy of fostering the trade by offering bounties, varying from 100*l.* to 500*l.* We have read that, in all, the sum of 1,000,000*l.* sterling was thus bestowed by way of encouragement, but we regard the statement as an exaggeration. The English, being practically unacquainted with the trade, (for the pursuit and capture of the sperm is essentially different from that of the Greenland whale,) American officers were necessarily employed for some time, and the fishery was prosecuted off the coasts of Africa, Ireland, Western Isles, etc. It was not till 1788—about which period, we believe, the system of giving bounties ceased—that an English whaler penetrated to the Pacific Ocean round by Cape Horn; and her voyage proving very successful, the South Seas henceforth became the grand field for

the sperm fishery, and have so continued ever since; for the original fishing grounds soon became unremunerative, owing to the fish either being thinned or frightened away, just as it has come to pass of late years in Greenland, where the whalemen now-a-days cannot possibly obtain remunerative cargoes of whales alone, and so they eke out by capturing seals—the latter, we believe, being decidedly the main object of pursuit. One port alone in England (Hull) once sent as many as seventy ships in a single year to the Greenland fishery, and now it does not send more than half-a-dozen on the average. The port of Peterhead, in Scotland, at present sends more ships to Greenland than any other port. This by the way.

Within twenty years from the commencement of the sperm whale fishery, by British ships, the trade reached its height, and has since then slowly but surely declined. The coasts of Japan, (a first-rate fishery ground,) and those of New Holland, were not resorted to for the sperm until about half a century ago; but they, as well as every other sea where the fish is to be found, have since been traversed in every direction, both by British and American ships—no other countries than England and the United States, and the Australian colonies, engaging to any extent in the trade. At the antipodes, Sydney has, during the past twenty years, sent many ships to the sperm fishery, and as they are, as it were, in the very midst of the fishing grounds, it is not to be wondered that they can import sperm oil to England at such a price as materially to undersell the cargoes brought by ships sent out from England itself: consequently, the number of British ships employed in the trade has rapidly decreased, and will doubtless dwindle away to nothing in another generation. The Americans alone could supply England with all the oil she requires, at (probably) less cost than her own shipping, were it not for the heavy import duty. Formerly sperm oil—which is in regular and yet increasing demand—varied remarkably in figure. In the year 1785, it was only 51*l.* per tun; in 1800, 84*l.*; in 1810, 126*l.*; in 1830, 72*l.*; in 1832, 93*l.*

America now sends forth more whalers than all the rest of the world put together. Above 700 ships belonging to the United States prosecute the sperm fishery; they are manned by about 20,000 men in the aggregate, and are worth, when they put to sea, upwards 4,000,000*l.* sterling. The annual returns brought to port by the homeward-bound whalers, are calculated at about a million and a half sterling. The American whalers are usually the property of several owners—occasionally a score or two of people have shares in a single ship—the captain almost invariably being one; but the English sperm whalers are generally fitted out by a single wealthy merchant, who in some cases owns several of them. A large capital is requisite to send forth a well-appointed South-seaman, say 10,000*l.*; and, if she makes a profitable voyage, her full cargo will be worth not less than 20,000*l.* But one hundred and fifty tons may be considered a fair cargo, and 80*l.* per ton the average price, which will yield 12,000*l.* for the voyage. An English ship once brought home double the above quantity, and an American ship has been known

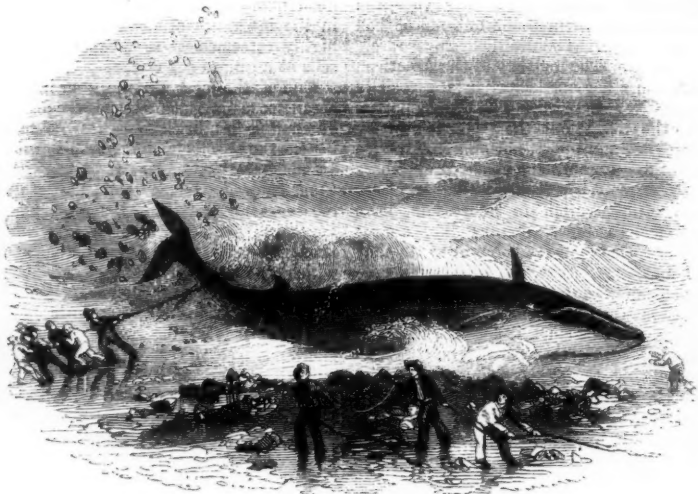
to stow more than five hundred tons. The Americans, however, make very long voyages: it is not unusual for them to be out more than *five years* at a spell. The English ships rarely exceed three years. The majority of the American whalers sail from a few particular ports, especially Nantucket and New Bedford. The former port is the oldest in the trade; but the latter is now by far the greatest whaling port, not only in America but in the world. At both the above places there are whole *families of whale-men*; that is, father and sons, from generation to generation, have devoted themselves to a whaling life, almost without an exception. Of this number we may name the Coffins, the Maceys, and the Gardiners—all celebrated families, men of *proress* and renowned throughout the sperm cruising grounds. In England, London is the chief, if not the only port, that now sends forth South Sea whalers.

As a general rule, the best cruising grounds (or localities) for the cachalot are in the tropical or intertropical seas, where the ocean is of vast extent and of corresponding depth. It is true that the cachalot is occasionally found in shallow seas, in every part of the world except the arctic regions; but its visits (at the present day) to the British seas, the Mediterranean, the North Sea (never higher than 60° N.), and coasts of Europe generally, must be considered exceptional and of rare occurrence. The intertropical coasts of America, Asia, Africa, and the great Pacific Ocean, a few degrees north and south of the line, are its principal haunts. The cachalot especially frequents great ocean-currents, doubtless because it there finds the molluscs and the small fish on which it preys in the largest quantities. Where there are no currents, even in the great South Sea, hundreds and thousands of miles of ocean may be traversed without seeing the spout of a single cachalot; but where all circumstances are favourable to their resort, the whales in question are occasionally met with in immense droves. There are no regular "seasons" for prosecuting the fishery, but the four last months of the year are thought to be the best in the vicinity of the equator. Everywhere, however, the sperm whales have become comparatively scarce of late years, and a keen look-out must be kept to fall in with them; nor is this to be wondered at, considering how unceasingly and mercilessly they are hunted down. Perchance even the very species will be rendered extinct within another century! As to the products of the fishery, we may briefly mention that the sperm oil is the purest and most delicate of all oils applicable for machinery and for lamps. It is inodorous. Spermaceti is also a transparent inodorous fluid, said to be not unpleasant in taste. It is found, more or less, in the blubber itself, but only in small and alloyed quantities. The spermaceti taken from the *case*, or upper portion of the sperm whale's head, is perfectly pure and limpid. The case of a single whale has been known to yield 500 gallons of this valuable matter! It is strained and boiled, etc., before being ready for sale and use. Anciently, it was used as an ointment and medicament, our ancestors having great faith in its curative powers; but now it is mainly employed in the manufacture of candles, which are little inferior to wax. The

teeth of the sperm whale furnish ivory of pretty good quality. Ambergris is morbid matter found in the intestines of diseased cachalots, and is so highly esteemed as a perfume or essence that it sells at a guinea per ounce!

One of the most exciting and interesting of all ocean scenes is that presented by droves of whales gamboling in a brisk breeze. We have ourselves beheld the spectacle, and words can hardly convey an adequate idea of it. It is well worth sailing a thousand miles to witness. You see the mighty creatures roll to and fro, evidently in sport, and thoroughly enjoying that sport; you see them spout water or vapour (for opinions differ as to which) to a prodigious height; strike the sea with their horizontal tails quicker than the eye can follow the movement; sink their bodies and lift up their heads vertically like the black bole of an enormous tree rising from the water; anon, they sink altogether, and ere you can say, "Lo! they are gone!" up they come again, like black islands rising from ocean's depths, and then they will repose awhile, chewing the cud of reflection, like cows, as the females are called! Take our word for it, a more imposing sight than this cannot be seen in Ocean's dominions. Comparatively speaking, the Greenland whale is a timid, helpless creature; but the cachalot, or sperm whale, is decidedly the most dangerous, pugnacious, cunning, powerful, and desperate of all the tribe of cetaceans. Particular cachalots have become quite well known individually to whalers for a series of years, being pre-eminently distinguished for their exceeding ferocity and strength. One, on the coast of New Zealand, was of vast size, and recognisable by his white hump. He was called New Zealand Tom, and had destroyed so many boats, and done so much havoc generally, that his presence was rather avoided than sought. Another, in the Straits of Timor, was thought invincible, but finally was killed after a terrible fight. We will give a single exemplification of the almost incredible muscular power of the tail of a cachalot. In 1831, some boats were attacking a small drove of whales, and after killing one, they were about to harpoon another in the vicinity, when the latter, with the rapidity of lightning, whirled its tail over a boat, and the mate of the ship, a large and strong man, was instantly hurled through the air to a great height, and fell into the sea at a distance of forty yards, quite dead doubtless, but the body sunk ere it could be reached by the boat.

It is very rare for the boats of a South seaman to capture more than four or five cachalots at a time, however large the *school* attacked may be, and however favourable the circumstances. Some cachalots will hardly stir from the spot where they receive their first wound, but remain struggling and fighting until life is extinct. This conduct is exceptional, as the animal usually darts off the instant it is struck. When a cachalot is harpooned, it can tow a boat along at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, but this tremendous exertion never lasts long. It cannot continue beneath the surface more than an hour; that period of time may be reckoned the maximum, though extreme cases have occurred of very large whales remaining an hour and a half without once rising. It is stated, as a very curious fact, that



DRAWING A WHALE TO LAND.

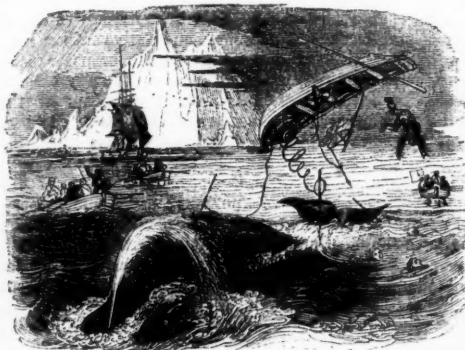
whatever time this whale remains under water after once descending, forms the precise duration of all its subsequent descents. When pursued, they do not descend, or *sound*, until compelled, as they can propel themselves along with greater velocity when their huge head is partially elevated; but they sometimes settle down in a horizontal position. Although the senses of the sperm whale (hearing, seeing, and smelling) may be described as imperfect, or rather circumscribed, yet whalers know by experience that the animal makes the very best use of them, (a lesson men may profit by!) and often exhibits extraordinary sagacity, sometimes approximating nearer to the reasoning faculties than to mere instinct. When they anticipate danger, they will lie motionless, to listen, and will turn on one side or uprear their heads above water in order that they may see better. The females often assist one another when attacked; but the males exhibit less generous devotion, and generally make off and do their best to save their own—blubber!

The mighty carcass generally floats well after death, but not invariably. Sometimes the dead whale will sink, in spite of all the boats can do to keep it afloat; and, even when it has been secured alongside the ship, a large carcass has been known to break the ropes sustaining it, and to nearly capsize the ship itself by its ponderous weight. Very large cachalots will weigh from 70 to 80 tons! Why some whales thus sink, whilst the majority float buoyantly, is a mystery yet to be satisfactorily solved. The head of a small whale is taken bodily on deck, and its contents separated at leisure and without waste; but, when the cachalot is of a full size, junk and case are separated floating, and the junk only can be got on deck, as it is quite as much as the mast can support. The case is obtained by being baled out by a bucket fixed to the end of a pole, just like water from a well or hollow! This fact gives a

vivid idea of the stupendous size of the entire head, as the case only occupies the upper portion.

The Greenland whaler merely cuts up the junk into square pieces, and stows them away in the hold to be boiled down ashore on the ship's return to port; but the South seaman boils down the sperm blubber on board, as soon as the whale is cut up. The reader will read with interest the following striking account of the extraordinary operation in question:—"It must be regarded as a curious circumstance," says our authority, "and as one highly essential to the economy of these ships, that the process of boiling the oil supplies also the fuel required for that purpose; the 'scraps,' or refuse from which the oil has been extracted, burning, when placed in the furnace, with a fierce and clear flame and intense heat, and being sufficient in quantity to render any other fuel unnecessary—the scraps remaining from one affair of oil being reserved to commence a second. In a dark night, the process of 'trying out' in the open ocean presents a spectacle partaking much of the grand and terrific. The dense volumes of smoke that roll before the wind and over the side of the vessel, as she pursues her course through the water—the roaring of the flames, bursting in lofty columns from the works, and illuminating the ship and surrounding expanse of sea—and the uncouth garb and implements of the crew assembled around the fires, produce a peculiarly imposing effect; though one that is not altogether to be reconciled with the ordinary character of marine scenery. The chief danger to be apprehended in this operation is the sudden access of water to the highly-heated oil, as may occur from the hasty introduction of wet blubber, or the sudden approach of heavy rain: the powerful ebullition thus excited in the oil causing it to escape from the boilers and communicate with the fires beneath, when the whole may become ignited, and the ship be placed in imminent peril. On

this account the produce of many whales is liable to be lost by a long continuance of rains; and heavy, though transient showers, often render it necessary to extinguish the fires and cease boiling.



THE PERILS OF WHALING.

From the coolers, adjoining the try-works, the boiled oil is transferred to casks, and permitted to remain on deck until sufficiently cool to be added to the cargo; when it is pumped out of the first casks, and conducted through a hose, either into the tanks, or into other casks, already deposited and well secured in the hold. Seventy barrels of oil have been boiled in thirty hours, which is perhaps the shortest time in which that labour can be performed. Three days is about the

recollect how the great navigator pathetically deplored that the lovely and fruitful groups he had discovered would probably, owing to their extreme remoteness and isolation, ever remain shut out from the benefits of regular intercourse with Europeans; and this, in a great measure, would yet be the case were it not for the South seamen, who visit the different groups regularly, and remain at them for considerable periods. It is not uncommon for a score of large whalers to be anchored at a time off a single island; and, formerly, the only way in which the missionary could reach his destination in the South Seas was by taking passage in a whaler, and remaining with her until she touched the requisite spot. Even at the present day, if we except the occasional visits of men-of-war, it probably would not be far from the mark to say that four-fifths of the vessels that annually visit any given isle of the Pacific are whalers, although the number of trading vessels is annually increasing; and, by-and-by, the lovely bays will doubtless be

furrowed by the paddles or screws of steam-boats, even if such a consummation has not already taken place! It is only to be regretted, that too often the crews of such vessels counteract, by their dissolute example, the lessons of the faithful missionary.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

It has been well said that the literature of nations is their most enduring wealth. Of that possession no conquest can deprive them. It survives the decay of commerce, the force of political power, and even the existence of its people—at once their memorial and legacy to succeeding times. Greece and Rome live on in their poets and historians, among races they never dreamt of and lands they did not know. So, doubtless, will the nations of modern Europe; for not only are the themes of literature imperishable, and common to mankind of every age and clime, but it wears the fashions of the people amongst whom it grows, reflects their life, mirrors their civilisation, and speaks in the tones of their national mind. These considerations make the literature of other lands a most interesting study; and, thanks to the facility of communication and consequent acquisition of living languages, it is neither rare nor difficult in our day. The authors of France and Germany, great and small, are being read and translated among us. The best works of Italy and Spain have been long known to our educated classes. The poets and story-tellers of Sweden and Denmark are made familiar to our reading public, and the more studious portion are in some degree acquainted with those of Hungary and Poland. There remains, however, that great northern empire, at present the largest and by far the most troublesome state of Europe. England's commerce with the land is old and her quarrel recent. Most of our people have heard of Russia's vast extent, of her marvellous progress and peculiar organisation; but comparatively few have heard or known anything regarding her part in the world of letters.

It bears little proportion to the material resources of the empire. Cities can be built, armies



average time occupied in 'cutting in' and obtaining the clear oil of a whale of the largest size."

Finally, we must not quit the subject without calling attention to a fact that has rarely been noticed, and is deserving of mention wherever the sperm whale is the topic of discussion. It is this. The South seamen have been the chief media whereby the beautiful isles of the great South Sea have been brought into connection with the civilised part of mankind, and have, in some instances, become rising commercial communities. The reader of Captain Cook's voyages may

can be raised, and trade established, in far less time than is required for the growth of such a harvest; and, though as ancient a people as any around them, the civilisation of the Russians began with Peter the First and the eighteenth century. Moreover, that late impulse was given by imperial authority, and not by the natural progress of the land. Improvements were ordered, arts were imported, foreign manners and a foreign language were entailed on the superior classes as part of their hereditary distinctions; and with these there came, to that only reading section of the community, a foreign literature already grown up and famous. Such has been the state of things in what our ancestors called "wild Muscovy," for more than one hundred and fifty years; and small encouragement must it afford to native authors. The nobleman, who from his childhood speaks French with all his equals, and Russian to his serfs, can scarcely regard but as somewhat vulgar a work written in the latter tongue. The public, who speak Russ only, have no use for books, reading being considered a step beyond their station; besides, the despotic and jealous character of the government renders it unfriendly, if not hostile, to press and pen. It may be also that the muses cannot prosper in a clime so wintry; but wherever society is cultivated, or the arts take root, there will thought find a voice and books be written: so it happens, that though limited in its sphere and strange to the rest of Europe, Russia has a native literature.

The earliest specimen is a rude epic called the expedition of Izor. It is believed to be the production of an unknown bard in the twelfth century, and celebrates the warlike exploits of an ancient Russian prince against his hereditary enemies, the Poles—who were in those days the predominant people of the north. There are also scattered among the peasantry, and at times caught up by modern poets, a number of traditional tales and ballads. Some relate to Vladimir, the first Christian monarch, and his nobles; others belong to the Pagan times, and tell of the land's old idols. Like the corresponding heirlooms of western Europe, battles, feasts, and ghostly apparitions form the staple of their themes; but the spirit of chivalry and romance, which lends to the former such unfading charms, is scarcely found among these Muscovite relics.

In the old convents about Kiof and Novogorod are said to be stored up chronicles, poems, and theological works, still in manuscript, written at the period of Russia's first civilisation, when the commerce and learning of the Greek empire penetrated with Christianity into the far north, and in some degree took root among its snows, till the long dominion of the invading Mongol reduced the land to almost primitive barbarism. This legacy of the past remains in the Slavonic or ancient vernacular of Russia. The infusion of races, and the changes which time works on the speech of nations, have left it, like the Latin of the west, no longer a living tongue, but employed by the priests in the church service, and partly in their sermons, to the great preservation of popular ignorance. The spoken Russian bears the same relation to the Slavonic that Italian does to the speech of ancient Rome. Peter the Great invented, or at least

commanded his subjects to learn, an alphabet for it, somewhat similar to the Roman letters; and, by order of that most imperative instructor, the first newspaper ever issued in his empire was printed at Moscow, in 1705.

From that period letters were cultivated, at least about St. Petersburg, and native authors rose. The earliest of these were poets, for poetry is at once the root and the flower of every nation's literature. Russia is rich in numbers of the minstrel order, considering that her dawn of letters was the same date as what is called the Augustan age of England, when Pope and Swift, Steele and Addison, flourished. Few of the northern bards are known, even by name, among us. Prince Cantemir and Lomonosof are strangers to the most of our people, though they stand high in their country's literary calendar. The former is he who first wrote poetry in modern Russ, about the year 1730; and the latter is a great authority, for he settled not only the rules of verse, but the grammar of the language, with the help of German and old Slavonic models, when our Samuel Johnson was writing the "Vanity of Human Wishes." From his time the Russians reckon some score of nobly born poets, grave and gay. Satires, dramas, and epics figure among their works. The language is musical and copious. They have a great variety of rhymed verse, and one description which, if once admissible, would be found very easy writing by British aspirants, for it has neither rhyme nor measurement of lines, but depends entirely on accentuation.

In the prose department there are sundry travels and voyages, beginning, of course, with Peter the Great, who first sent out a Russian ship to circumnavigate the globe, and ordered his subjects to travel for improvement. Previous to his reign, it was considered not only unlucky, but highly disgraceful, for a Muscovite of rank to leave his native land on any pretext but that of war; Peter, however, confirmed his precept by example, and the Russian nobles gradually acquired such a relish for leaving home, that their government generally thinks it expedient to discourage tourists. There is scarcely a single volume on any philosophical subject printed in the language of this vast empire; but periodicals, filled with tales and sketchy articles after the fashion of our own, and even novels, are not wanting. There are also one or two historical works sanctioned by government; but very few memoirs exist, for it is not always safe to write people's lives. There is, however, a dictionary of native literature, in six volumes, published by the Petersburg Academy. A glance at the thousands of works mentioned in this voluminous compendium naturally makes one wonder why the poetry and prose of Russia are so little known to the rest of Europe; but besides the obscurity of a language rarely spoken beyond its own frontier, and employed only for plebeian purposes at home, the literature, like the civilisation of the land, is on closer inspection found to contain so much of paraphrase, imitation, and copy, that comparatively little remains to tempt the translator. English, German, and especially French models are followed, sometimes servilely enough, by the best authors. Dimitrieff, whose works make an era in the northern world of letters, imitates

La Fontaine in his moral tales. Shukoffskij, who is said to have enriched it with new ideas, incorporates with his own compositions free translations from the German poets; and Muravieff, who was not only the preceptor of the emperor Alexander the First, but a notable author, is best known by a work called "The Suburban," and modelled on the plan of our English "Spectator."

Even where genius exists, the earliest attempts are generally unconscious copying. This is true of individuals, and not less true of nations. Though old in race and in empire, Russia is young in civilisation and in letters. Moreover, her court and people have been accustomed to copy, and rather take credit for the fact. "You do not know how very French we are," said a Boyardine to the Marquis de Custine, as she showed him a volume of verse which a noble author had composed in his country's tongue; but having just seen a government official beating a poor serf unmercifully in the street, that uncharmed traveller declares he never was so much disgusted with pretence in all his life. By far the longest poems in Russ celebrate the glories and conquests of the czars. They are the only subjects of public or national interest on which the censorship of the press allows an author free scope. There is, consequently, no lack of eulogies and birthday odes, after the manner of our own elder laureates; but a woful dearth of patriotic songs, and, what Britons would miss still more, political speculations.

The most original and interesting part of Russian literature are its fables.* They seem a special product of the Selavonic mind, and prove its oriental relationship—for eastern wisdom was always given to speak in parables. Many curious and instructive apologues have floated down the current of tradition; others are the offspring of modern genius; and the best known are those of Kriloff, a poet of the present century, whose works have been translated into French, it is said, by an officer of engineers, who was once a pupil of the Polytechnique School in Paris, and now directs the cannon of Sebastopol.

The imaginative works of the north are few, but of singular interest, from the sketches of native manners and pictures of life in the remote provinces which they furnish. Indeed, these are their chief attractions to foreign readers, for the Russian authors are by no means accomplished storytellers. That dramatic power of plot and incident, so exciting to the young, and so seductive to minds of every age, is rarely to be found in their works. It has been also remarked that those high heroic characters, which the masters of European fiction delight to portray, are not to be met among the people of their stories. They never rise above village belles, or nobles wonderfully rich and clever. While dishonest schemes, and still more dishonest intrigues, form the groundwork of almost every narrative. The love of tales prevails nevertheless in Russia. The better fictions of other lands have been translated into its language, and Scott's works are said to be particularly popular among the tradesmen and shopkeepers of St. Petersburg, most of whom can read. From the most recent returns, it appears

that translations of all kinds bear to native compositions the proportion of three to one. The few periodicals published in the large towns are chiefly supplied from this source; but those honoured with aristocratic patronage are saved that trouble, being generally printed in French.

Speaking of periodicals naturally brings one to newspapers. These broad sheets, so indispensable to English life and business, are but poorly represented in the dominions of the czar. Their size is small; their number is limited; and no wonder, for the materials of which journals are composed in England are in a great measure wanting. There are no parliamentary debates, because the senate never says anything but addresses of thanks and congratulation to the emperor. There are no reports of civil or criminal trials, because law is always administered with closed doors, and it is dangerous to speak of police doings. There are no accounts of public meetings, dinners, or speech-makings, because such things were never heard of in any of the Russias. In lieu of these varieties, the Muscovite newspapers present their readers with an imperial ukase, or decree, which they have been ordered to publish, and with all the czar, his family, or court do and say, provided it be deemed sufficiently grand or safe for publication. Then come the proceedings of the Petersburg Academy, the examinations of certain great schools and colleges, and military promotions; and, as the empire is seldom without war on some of its borders, there are flourishing accounts of the army and its victories; occasionally the knouting or banishment of some signal offender is announced; but our "Dreadful Accident" readers would be wofully disappointed with a Russian newspaper, for it gives no details of the kind, particularly when they occur about a noble family or a court festival. There are, also, such public rumours and scraps of foreign intelligence as the government permits to be generally known. Sometimes a proprietor advertises an estate, with so many thousand peasants on it, to be sold; but announcements of "splendid goods and amazing bargains" are comparatively rare, being inserted only by the foreign shopkeepers, who expect upper-class custom for their far-brought wares; while the Russian dealer knows that few of his patrons among the passing crowd can read, and therefore depends on a full relation of goods, cheapness, and quality, delivered by his apprentice or himself at the shop-door. Tales, poems, and short papers, original and translated, are to be found in the Russian journals; and, as our readers might wish to learn some of their names, we will mention the "Siberian Herald," the "Son of the Country," and the "Petersburg Gazette." The last-named is the oldest paper in the empire; and, being still of great authority and circulation, there frequently appears in its columns a form of advertisement curiously indicative of the social and political state. Every Russian, before he can pass the frontier, is obliged to inform the public of his intended departure by three successive announcements in print, in order that all claims upon him may be satisfactorily arranged. The literary men of Russia belong, as far as we know, without exception, to what are in their land emphatically the privileged orders. No Burns, no Ettrick Shepherd, has yet risen from among the northern peasantry,

* See article "A Russian *Æsop*," in "Leisure Hour," No. 144.

doubtless because the schoolmaster has not been there; for traces of unlettered genius appear in the village songs which never were printed, but, being true to the joys and sorrows of humble life, are sung by the poor serfs to wild, melancholy airs, alike in their days of toil and their time of festivity.

The farthest famed among Russia's modern authors are, first, Derschaiven, who composed that world-known poem called, in his native language, an Ode to the Deity, and said to have been translated into every tongue that had an alphabet. Secondly, Karamsir, who began his literary career by editing the journal of Moscow, in which he published his earliest tales, then established the *Courier of Europe* at Petersburg, and lastly wrote his great work, the only history of Russia extant, which, being penned in an apartment of the Winter Palace, is not considered free of courtly partialities. The latest great poet was Alexander Puschkín, of whose private history we can only say that he led a dissipated life, and was killed in a duel. His services to letters were nevertheless great, though some of the man's compositions bear the character of his practice. Others are fine in the best sense, but not always allowed to be published within the empire, on account of their liberal tendency. This poet's fame had risen so high, that he was honoured with a public funeral by command of the late emperor Nicholas, and a solemn mass was performed on that occasion in all the principal churches. These posthumous honours are strangely connected with the story of a less known poet, named Polezhaev. He was a student in the university of Moscow, and already distinguished among his college friends for poetical compositions, when, incited by Puschkín's fame as well as his own genius, he wrote an imitation of that author's most popular work, the romance of Onyegin. It is a half-serious, half-satirical poem on Russian life and society. The censor has abridged many passages, but Polezhaev, unfortunately, introduced into his imitation certain reflections on the government and its dealings with the press. The work was kept in ms., and circulated among his friends; but a copy found its way to Petersburg, and the unlucky poet, after being obliged to read it to the czar, by way of penance, was sent to serve as a common soldier against the Circassians. Here, after many sufferings and attempted desertion, he fell into habits of intemperance, and at length died of consumption in one of the military hospitals. When permitted to claim it, Polezhaev's friends found his corpse in a cellar, with one foot gnawed off by rats; but his works were collected and published, and, by special command of government, his portrait, in an officer's uniform, appeared as the frontispiece.

We extract this story from a publication by M. Herten, a still more remarkable Russian. In his own country he was a journalist, and the author of some tales; but the freedom of his political opinions exposed him, first to imprisonment, then to banishment, as usual, to Siberia. When the term of his sentence was completed, he obtained permission to travel; and, once out of the reach of spies and police, M. Herten was in no haste to return; but, after wandering over Europe, he settled near

London, where it may well be said the exiles of the world congregate. Here, with the help of some compatriots, he established a press, over which the censor of Petersburg had no control, for the purpose of printing in the Russian language everything that could not be printed at home. The enterprising stranger complains that he has met with little encouragement within the frontiers where his books were intended to circulate: nor is the fact to be much deplored, for the politics of his party have run into those wild and levelling theories which men are apt to adopt who have come out of despotism. His free press is, however, still in existence, and may live to do better, though little known beyond the literary circles of our great metropolis. With a sincere hope that re-established peace may soon give free course to commerce and letters, even in the northern empire, we close this brief survey of Russian literature.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MORALS.

LESSON VI.—GOOD WORKS.

§ 1. *Object of requiring good Conduct.*

The object aimed at by any moral instructor, and of course by the sacred writers, is to make us good men. And good works, [or virtuous actions,] which are the natural fruit of good dispositions, are required principally as a *proof* of those dispositions, and as an exercise and training to produce a virtuous character.

On the other hand, if a farmer, or any other employer of labourers, endeavours to make his men honest and industrious, in order that they may do his work the better, he is not properly a moral instructor; since his main object is not the benefit of the workmen themselves, (though he may, in fact, have greatly benefited them,) but the *work done*, which is his own profit.

Now it is plain that our divine Master can have no need of the services of his creatures; and that, therefore, the good works which he requires of us must be entirely for our own benefit—not for his—in order to our moral improvement. And from this you may see how utterly worthless in his sight must be any good works (that is, good in themselves) not done from a good motive. For, "Can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise may be profitable unto himself? Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous? or is it gain to him that thou makest thy ways perfect?" Job xxii. 2, 3.

§ 2. *Good Works by Proxy.*

And you may also see what an absurdity those fall into who imagine that it is possible to do good works by proxy. Yet, in some churches, men have been so far deluded as to imagine that it can be acceptable to God to pay a priest to perform religious exercises for them, or to pay a person to go on pilgrimages and undergo penances, on their behalf and in their stead. Now all this evidently goes on the notion that these supposed good works have a *value in themselves* in God's sight, and are acceptable to him on their own account, as if they were some benefit to himself.

But if those prayers and pilgrimages, etc., were really the best possible works in themselves, it is plain that the Most High could have no need of them, and that it is not for his profit, but for ours, that he requires us to worship and to obey him. We do, indeed, find in Scripture several expressions which, taken literally and taken by themselves, would imply that God is really desirous, for his own sake, of the worship and services of his creatures. He even describes himself as a "jealous God;" meaning that he will not allow the honour due to him to be paid to others. But this is to be understood in the same way as when *anger and repentance* are attributed to him; and even eyes, and ears, and hands. All this is meant to impress on us that he *knows* all things—as we do what we see and hear; and that we ought to dread disobeying him, as we should some great earthly king who would be really angry at our rebellion; and that we should be as careful to honour him as if he really could be profited by our honour.

But it is plain that he cannot really have any need of our services; and that it is for our own sakes, and that of our brethren, not for his profit, that we are commanded to "do all for the glory of God."

§ 3. Works required for the Sake of the Works.

The distinction we have been speaking of, which it is most important to keep in mind, may be thus illustrated; if a man offers for sale any article—for instance, a map—to a publisher, it is no matter to the purchaser whether the man drew it himself or got some friend to draw it for him. Provided the map is honestly the seller's property, and is well executed, that is all that is to the purpose. On the other hand, if a schoolmaster sets a boy to draw a map, by way of practice, in order that he may learn to be a good draughtsman, then, if the boy should get a schoolfellow to do it for him, and should show it up as his own, he would be reprov'd and punished. For the task was set him, not for the sake of the *map*, (which the master could have drawn better for himself,) but as an exercise for the improvement of the learner.

Now you cannot doubt that this latter case answers to ours in reference to our divine Master, and that as "no man can be profitable unto God," and he cannot stand in need of our services, it must be a mere groundless fancy to think that another person can so perform good works in our stead, as to supersede the necessity of moral character in ourselves.

A like illustration from the case of a school will serve to explain another point also, on which some persons have fallen into perplexity or mistake—that of the *rewards* promised in Scripture, and the *merit* which some suppose good works to possess in God's sight.

Suppose, for instance, some rich and liberal man should found a school for the children of his poor neighbours; and suppose that, besides building a school-house, and providing teachers and school books, he should also propose *prizes* for such of the scholars as should behave well and make good proficiency in their learning. Every one would understand that the children and their

parents ought to be very grateful to such a patron for his kind bounty. And the children would easily be made to understand that they ought to show their thankfulness by taking pains to profit by the advantages afforded them. They would readily understand that any of them who should behave ill, or refuse to learn, would be expelled; and that those who exerted themselves would obtain the prizes. And when it was said that these prizes were to be the *reward* of good behaviour, no one would be so stupid as to think that those who gained them could claim them as something *earned* by themselves as a matter of right, and for which they owed no thanks to any one. All would understand that the *proposing* of the prizes was from the free bounty of the kind patron; and that the proficiency in learning, of the children thus rewarded, was no benefit to *him*, but only to them; and that it was entirely for *their* sakes that they were encouraged to take pains in learning.

But they would fully calculate on receiving the promised rewards in case of good conduct, though not as what they had originally any claim to, but *because* it had been *promised*. For, though the *offer* of the prizes came from the patron's free bounty, the *fulfilment* of a promise once made is a matter of justice.

§ 4. Righteousness of God.

And, accordingly, we read that "God is not *unrighteous* [unjust] to forget our work and labour of love;" not that he was originally bound in justice to reward any good works of ours, or that they can be a benefit to him; but because he has graciously *promised* to be a "rewarder of them that diligently seek him." The *offer* of a reward to any of his creatures is a free *gift* of his bounty; but we may trust to his *justice* to make good what He has said.

If you could imagine the patron of a school, such as we have been describing, to have supplied to the children not only a schoolroom, and teachers and books, but also the eyes with which they read the books, and the ears with which they hear what is said to them, and the brain by which they understand it, then the case would answer more closely to that of ourselves in reference to our Maker, "in whom we live and move and have our being." For He has supplied to us all our powers of mind and body, and He requires us, as He certainly has a full right to do, to employ these in leading a Christian life and devoting ourselves to his service. And He has held out to us the promise of the "*prize* of our high calling"—the "*crown of glory*," which the Lord, the *righteous* Judge, will give at that day to all them that *love* his appearing. To this we could have no natural claim; and though we may fully rely on his justice for the fulfilment of his promises, all that we can receive from Him is not the less a free and bountiful gift, since the promises themselves proceed from his bounty alone.

§ 5. Good Conduct has no natural Claim to Reward.

Some, however, are apt to speak as if they thought that virtue is, in itself, naturally entitled to reward; and that, if any being *could* lead a life

(though none of us do) of perfect unsinning virtue, he might then justly claim (though we cannot) to be rewarded with immortal happiness.

But you may easily perceive, from considering what is the nature of duty, that such a notion is quite groundless. For it is evident that a *duty* must be something that is *due*—a debt which we are *bound* to discharge. That is the very meaning of the word. And no one can be justly entitled to reward for merely paying his debts. If a man fail to pay what he was bound to pay, he is liable to punishment. If he does pay his debts, he is exempt from punishment; and that is all he can claim.

Reward is what a man is justly entitled to, only for doing something *beyond* what he was bound to—something which he could not have been liable to punishment for not doing. For instance, if a man devotes his own private property, and time and labour, to the effecting of some great public benefit when he was not required to do so, the nation will think such a man worthy of being rewarded by some public honours bestowed on him. And when any one bountifully relieves, out of his own private purse, his distressed neighbours who had no claim on him, this is a *merit* as regards *them*; and he is justly entitled to their gratitude, and to any services they may be able to do him in return.

But the Most High has evidently a just claim to the obedience of his creatures; and all that they can do in the keeping of his commandments can have no claim of merit in his sight, being the payment of a debt due to him.*

And, accordingly, our Lord tells his disciples that when they have "done all things that He has commanded them, they are to say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do." And thus also the apostle Paul speaks of "death being the *wages* of sin, but eternal life the *gift* of God through Jesus Christ."

§ 6. *Reward and Punishment when due.*

Some persons, however, are accustomed to speak of the rewarding of virtue and the punishment of vice, as if the two naturally went together. But they may perceive, on reflection, that this is not at all the true state of the case. For no man is *punishable* for omitting to do something which he was *not bound* to do. And, for doing anything that he *was bound* to do—such as paying a debt—he has no natural claim to reward, only to exemption from punishment. If, indeed, a reward has been *promised* him for doing his duty, he may look for that reward on the ground of the promise made, and on that ground alone. But the merit which claims reward as in itself rightly due, must be for some things *beyond* what a person was *bound* to do.

And, accordingly, those churches which teach that the supposed merits of saints may be transferred from them to us always represent these merits as consisting in what are called works of "supererogation;" that is, something beyond their

* What has been advanced in this and the preceding section, as to the absence of merit in man's good works, even if he could perfectly fulfil the divine law, is strengthened when we remember that he is now a fallen being, dependent upon the aid of the Holy Spirit, his best services being acceptable to God only through the merits of Christ.—Ed.

duty, over and above that which was required of them. But such a notion is utterly groundless and contrary both to Scripture and reason. For Scripture teaches that we are "to love the Lord our God with *all* our heart, and soul, and strength." And reason teaches that nothing we can do that is acceptable to Him can be more than his just due. There may, indeed, be something which, from peculiar circumstances, is a duty to one man and not to another. And thus one man may go beyond what is required of some other men; but no one can go beyond his *own* duty.

It is plain, therefore, that no human virtue can have merit in God's sight, or any natural claim to reward, independently of express promise. In reference to your fellow-men, indeed, you may have merit, and may greatly deserve from them gratitude and reward for having done them some service that is in itself *valuable to them*, and which is also beyond what they had any right to require. But it is plain that nothing of this kind can be the case in reference to our Maker.

PENNY MANUFACTURES.

We British are accustomed to cherish a natural feeling of complacency in our manufactures. We know that our exports far surpass those of any other nation in the world, and our home consumption, when considered in relation to our population, does the same. Our merchants are princes—our manufacturers are potentates. Both have standing armies beneath their command, and millions are dependent upon them for the necessities of life. We love to connect the idea of the national greatness with the national industry; and, when we measure ourselves with surrounding peoples, we prefer to take the position of doers, makers, and producers, and from that standard to make the comparison, the result of which is so favourable to our complacency. The amount of human energy, of physical force, of machine-born power, and of enormous capital, devoted to the producing and manufacturing purposes in this geographical strip of an island is something stupendous to think of: we call Britain the workshop of the world, and, with the love of work, which is with us a distinguishing passion, we are content with such a title for our fatherland. All that is within the reach of mechanical ingenuity or power to effect we can accomplish; and we bring our resources to bear with equal readiness upon undertakings the most prodigious or apparently the most trifling. We bore a mountain or span a frith by applications of the same science which operates to grind a pin or shank a button: our system of labour, which embraces the whole labouring masses in its grasp, leaves nothing, or next to nothing, for the individual who happens to be excluded from its embrace. All branches of industry known to be profitable are now, and have been for a long time, executed by organised bands drilled to the routine of system, and generally to the co-operation of machinery; and for the isolated labourer there is nothing left to do. This is an evil—small in itself, when compared with the beneficial results of the system which has given

rise to it; but yet an evil under which many suffer, and against which some of them struggle with a manful ingenuity and perseverance worthy of our notice and encouragement. While manufacturers, merchants, and speculators are anxiously studying the turn of the markets by which they may gain or lose thousands, these outsiders and supernumeraries set their wits to work to devise some means of earning the indispensable penny which is to procure a meal for themselves and their children. Let us see how some of them do it.

Here, at the corner of a street, stands a man with a tray full of a new invention in the shape of a letterclip, useful for holding unanswered letters or commercial or literary documents. The same convenient implement may be bought at the stationer's, in stamped brass or bronze, at prices varying from sixpence to half-a-crown; but he has made his of white beech-wood and brass-wire: it is in all respects as serviceable and promises to be as durable, with fair usage, as its rival in the stationer's window, and he asks a penny for it. The thing is so evidently a genuine article, and so generally useful, that it does not hang long upon hand. The wonder is—not that it sells, being offered at such a price, but that the price can remunerate the maker.

A little further on we are confronted by a man who dabbles in optics. He has lenses mounted as eye-glasses to suit all sights, and will suit yours, if you choose, for a penny. In addition to this he has penny microscopes, which it may be worth your while to buy if you have never seen one of them before. Upon examining your pennyworth, you will find that it consists of a small blackened plate of brass with a hole drilled through it, in which hole is fixed what appears to be a highly convex lens—and so, in fact, it is; but it is not a lens of glass, only a drop of dried Canada balsam, or perhaps of turpentine varnish. It magnifies small objects, however, as efficiently as a glass lens would do, and so long as you don't put it into your warm pocket, and keep it tolerably free from dust and moisture, it will continue to render you that service.

Here comes a rather noisy fellow with penny toys of his own manufacture for children. We may single two from his collection, as novel and really ingenious and amusing. The first is a flock of fancy pigeons, if so you like to call them, which seem perpetually hovering in the air as though about to alight. This hovering motion, which is extremely natural, is effected in the simplest manner. A number of fine, almost invisible, wires are stretched like the strings of a harp upon a slight framework. Each of the wires passes through the wooden body of a bird: were the hole drilled for the wire parallel to the direction in which it is strained the bird would fall at once to the bottom of the frame; the drill, however, has traversed the bird diagonally, and at a greater angle in some than in others, so that they descend with varying rapidity, and, by cunningly managing the toy so as to change the angle of descent, can be made to overtake one another in their flight. We know no toy more fascinating to very young children; but it is extremely fragile, and will not last an hour in their hands. The second toy is a

miniature doll, which we imagine must be a real benefaction to the poor mother of a fractious child. The image is made of some light material—cork or the pith of the alder—has a jaunty cap and a white muslin dress, and stands, not upon feet, but upon hogs' bristles. The exhibitor (and the nurse may do the same) drums a tune with his fingers on his vibrating board, and the doll dances to the tune, pirouetting when a bristle sticks fast, and leaping grotesquely when it gets free. They are all a penny each, as are also the rest of the man's stock—of carved animals, of cups and balls, of puzzles, of harlequins, and kicking scaramouches, whose praises he knows how to publish better than we do.

The next candidate for the public penny is a sort of singing bird. He sells a hydraulic whistle, about three inches in length, which refuses to be musical unless blown with its end immersed in water. Thus blown, however, it gives forth a song not much unlike that of a frenetic tit-lark piping at a bird-show. This genius has been some years upon town, and is well known to boys and bird-fanciers, who make use of his whistle to rouse the emulation of their feathered captives. His performance is all in liquid notes, and is susceptible of considerable variety; a rude imitation of the song of all caged birds, from the canary or linnet to the deep-throated blackbird, being practicable by the use of whistles of greater or less diameter.

If a "one-pennied boy" has a taste for performing music of his own, instead of teaching his bird—lo! here comes another penny merchant, who will furnish him with the means. He offers for that small sum nothing less than a tin flageolet, upon which, if you have but the skill, you may play any tune within the compass of a couple of octaves. In order that there may be no doubt about it, he plays himself, capitolly. He is at this moment piping the French air "*Partant pour la Syrie*," and you may take the identical instrument from his lips, if you like, in exchange for the penny you are about to disburse, and try your own skill upon the same air.

Next comes along the hawker of a novel bargain in the shape of a three-foot rule, or yard measure, which shuts up in such a compass as makes it portable in the waistcoat pocket. If you are not tired of wondering at the exploits which men will achieve for a penny, here is a fresh subject for astonishment. This useful pocket measure is manufactured of nine several pieces of hard white wood: they are riveted together by eight shining rivets, each of which serves the function of a hinge; the whole thirty-six inches are stamped with the usual divisions, eight to an inch, from end to end of the entire yard, and the same is repeated on the other side, and at either end of the yard a neat flat brass ferule serves as a guard. One would think that, could all the several joints, ready stamped, be gathered gratuitously by the wayside, like so much grass, the mere riveting them together would be worth the penny; and yet that is all that is demanded for the complete article.

Now a poor woman, with a child in her arms, offers us a pocket-comb for the same price—the universally coveted penny. She tells us that her

wares are manufactured by her husband, who was brought up to the trade, and having latterly been discharged from his regular employment, owing to failing health, now spends his hours at home in the fabrication of these cheap wares, which she hawks for sale in the streets.

A few steps farther, and we are stopped by a juvenile crowd, who have gathered round a man who offers, not a single article like the rest of his brethren, but a whole collection of articles for a penny. They amount in all to the number of a dozen, and among them are a needle-case and needles, a thimble, a pencil, a stick of wax, a breast-pin, a ring, a steel pen and holder, and we know not what besides, not having the hardihood to take advantage of the fellow's liberality by investing a penny.

The penny merchants, we need scarcely remark, are much more numerous than the penny manufacturers. They form a very various class of tradesmen, who act the part of squatters, and, without paying seat or lot, open shop wherever they choose. Numbers of them deal in literature, and through their hands huge editions of almanacks, of songs and song books, of newspapers and illustrated serials, pass into circulation which they might else fail to attain. It is to this class, too, that the proprietors of defunct journals and publications of different kinds have recourse to push off the surplus remainders of their works, when their regular publication and sale has come to an end. Then there is the stationer, with his memorandum books, his half quires of "note," his envelopes, his ink, his wax, and his initial stamp—each at the regulation price of a penny. There is the hawker of coat buttons in pairs; the dealer in magic paste for sharpening razors; the boot-lace and stay-lace merchant; the German tinder-boy; the steam-boat touter, with his marine hatbands to save your beaver from going overboard in a gale; there is the man that swings at a whirlwind pace an ominous machine round his head, from which comes a sound like the croaking of a colony of ravens, terrible to hear, and full of melancholy forebodings—which dreadful din you find, when you have bought the mystery, to be produced by a single pea shut up in a kind of pill-box; there is the wire-worker with his gridirons and toasting-forks; there is the proprietor of the magic hat—which is a hat, and a fan, and a pan, and a book, and a box, and a chair, and a table, and a settee, and a dozen things more, and all in a breath—and all for a penny. And there is—What is there besides?

Look yonder, under that glimmering lamp—mark that stately figure of a man. His flashing eye gleams under the shadow of his hat drawn over his brows; his bushy moustache and beard conceal half his face, as he stands erect and silent, thrusting forward into the light, upon a tray covered with white paper, a few gracefully cut designs on black card—stags, lions, profiles of Napoleon, horsemen in full gallop, and foot and mounted soldiers. Of those who stop to admire or handle them he demands a penny each, and with a quick gesture receives the coin. Who is he, think you? Would it move you to hear that he talks and writes half the tongues of Europe; that he was a leader in his own land ere he was

driven forth an exile from home and friends; that he has passed this day, and many days of late, in the anxious and harassing quest for employment suitable to his qualifications—employment promised long by those who will keep their promise, but too long withheld for his scanty and failing means, which are at length exhausted? To-day he paid his last coin as a lacquey's fee, and arriving late at his lodgings, found that his motherless children had exhausted their provisions, and that there was no bread for the morrow. A pair of scissors, and a few address cards blackened with ink, were the sole resources that offered, and these he has turned to such account as an artist and a father might turn them, whose dearest flesh and blood depended for existence on his labours. Are those specimens to be thought dear at a penny?

We admire the independence of this noble exile; but surely we need not limit our admiration to such cases as his. The determination to win an honest penny, when it is often so much easier to entrap a dishonest one, is in London a popular characteristic which we delight to recognise; and we would recommend it to the consideration of the reader as among the pleasantest things to be met with in his way-side wanderings through modern Babylon.

WHOM SHALL I FEAR?

TRUE piety elevates its possessor in the scale of being, exalts his feelings, dignifies his character, and sanctifies his heart. It provides for us a suitable relief in every trying state. Let us notice *the confidence of the Christian*. "Whom shall I fear?" This is not the language of vain presumption, but the expression of Christian assurance. Whom have we to fear?

God? He is reconciled.—The love of God is shed abroad in the believer's heart, and the possession of love softens the feelings of fear. Shall we be afraid to approach a reconciled Father?

The law? It is satisfied.—Those who trust in the Saviour need not fear the curse of the law; its threatenings are averted, and the curse is turned into a blessing.

Satan? He is conquered.—He can go no further than the length of his chain. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Afflictions? They are sanctified.—Shall I fear that which comes from my Father, who loves me? Shall I fear that which is sent for my good? Shall I fear that which is sent to promote the spiritual benefit of my soul? The diamond of piety never sparkles so brightly as when the Christian is surrounded with the darkness of affliction.

Death? It is vanquished.—To the believer it is only "the shadow of death;" there is no substantial evil in it. The shadow of a serpent will not sting; the shadow of a lion will not devour; and the shadow of a sword will not kill. Death is only a dark passage that leads to our Father's house. The unbeliever has everything to fear. God is his enemy; he is under the curse of the law, led captive by the devil; his afflictions are unsanctified, and he is unprepared for death.

"God is my strong salvation;
What for have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near."

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No